

I can share a story. Don't know if it's that scary or not, but what the hell. This all happened back in the mid 90's.

I grew up in a small community consisting of a few small towns. In one of these small towns there was a single abandoned building, called the "Crow Castle" by local kids. It wasn't a weird building or anything, just uninhabited, and kind of old (think late 60-s). We had no idea why it was abandoned, and as kids, we made up all kinds of stories for it. One kid said there'd been a lady who lived there, but who got eaten by her own cats. Another said that it had burned down, but mysteriously rebuilt itself overnight. There were all kinds of theories.

At a sleepover party with a few of my friends, the Crow Castle was discussed once again. But this time, something was different. One of us said that yes, there was a lady. Another said that yes, the lady lived alone. She'd had a baby, but she didn't want it, so she burned it in a ceramic stove in the back of the building, and killed herself in one of the local industry blast furnaces. This was way too specific for a bunch of kids. We had no idea about different types of ovens, and few of us had ever been inside the industry area. Still, we all agreed on this story to be the one and true story. She was alone. She had a baby. She burned the baby. She killed herself.

Our curiosity got the better of us and we decided we had to know for ourselves. As the adults thought we'd gone to sleep, we sneaked out around midnight to check out the Crow Castle for ourselves.

There were five of us in total, each with our own flashlight. The Crow Castle was this ordinary two-story house, just a tad bit bigger than the other houses in the area. I remember the big, pale yellow drapes that covered the windows. No one dared to vandalize the Crow Castle, and I never understood why. The other kids would mess with pretty much anything, but no one dared to touch the Crow Castle.

We finally found an entrance through the basement. The house

was old and had a wood-burning stove in the kitchen, which meant a big cellar for storing logs for the winter. There was a padlock, but it was old. We managed to pick it using a small screwdriver that the youngest of us brought along "for protection".

We moved through the basement with little to no problems. We were scared shitless, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. There were no logs or saved wood, it was emptied out. The whole place rang hollow. We found the stairs to the kitchen. The stairs were really tight and the floor was made of some really old linoleum. Had we just been a little taller, we would've had to crouch to get up at all.

The kitchen was nothing special, but we spent at least an hour going through it in detail. The wood-burning stove was no big deal, just this big ugly black metal thing in the middle of the room. We didn't investigate it further. We went through the house room by room. All empty. With just a few repairs, someone could probably live there. It was a pretty nice place.

Our first scare came when a neighbor walked by. They thought they'd heard something and were yelling at "anyone in there" to come out. We didn't. Instead, we hid and waited for them to leave. Eventually they did.

Finally, we got to the last room on the first floor - the study. There was a big wooden door leading to it. As we entered, the first thing we see takes us completely by surprise. In the corner is a big ceramic stove. Right next to it, an old work desk. We checked out the desk first. The drawers were locked and we couldn't manage to get them open with the screwdriver, and we didn't want to break it. One kid decided to check out the ceramic stove.

I was standing right behind him when he opened it. As he did, we heard this odd, wooshing noise. Some kind of suction. It sounded like an air raid siren, but heard from far away. A few seconds later, the stove bursts with black soot.

The kid in the front got most of it on him. It got in his eyes and he started wailing. I got some on my legs, and when I tried to rub it off, I just spread it out with my hands. The noise got louder as the obstruction cleared out, so we closed the thing. I'd never been so scared. That's when we noticed that there wasn't just ash on the floor.

Newspaper cutouts. At least 30 pictures from newspapers and magazines, all depicting infants. Those scrouched up, toothless little infants. Screaming, crying, sleeping... all kinds of pictures of them. Most pictures were covered in soot, but some were clear as day. The biggest kid started picking them up, but we yelled at him to drop them. He did. He dropped them and we ran.

We never talked about that night again. To us, the story was real. We were done with it. We tried to ask the adults if there had been a woman who'd killed herself in the blast furnaces. They didn't want to talk about it. They didn't want to talk to kids about suicide, it was too morbid.

One of the town drunks did though, he didn't give a fuck. He told us that indeed, there had been a woman who'd killed herself in a blast furnace. She'd had an affair with a man who'd been working there, and when he left her, she killed herself. They'd found her clothes by the side of a blast furnace, covered in soot.